

In the Old Days The Pony Express Was Not a Track Event

Men Now Alive Remember the Day When Men Dared Death As Message Bearers Across the Western Plains. Great Ride by W. H. Pearson During Indian War of 1855

If the spirits of the departed are permitted to take cognizance of mundane things then will there be a ghostly as well as a flesh-and-blood audience watching the pony express and relay races of the Round-up. In the unseen grandstand will be the spectators of riders of days gone by, of hardy men who were not riding for the mere sport of the race but who were often times pitting their wits and the strength of their mounts against death in a hundred forms.

The pony express and relay races of the Round-up are thrilling but they are in nowise to be compared to those races of pioneer times which were run for days at a time and with no plaudits of happy multitudes sounding in their ears. The race of today is the pastime of the cowboy, that of yesterday was the work of a man, and the one is being held but to commemorate the other.

The pony express was the ancestor of the mail and the parcel post of today. It furnished a primitive messenger and mail service when there were no trains in this western country and when mountain trails were impassable even to wagons. Even in those days, time had its value and, in lieu of the telephone, the telegraph, the automobile and the express train, the pony express rider came into being.

He was picked for his job. He must be light and yet strong, fearless yet cautious, a hard rider, a quick thinker and a man with a determined soul. He must be able to endure hardships and brave perils with only one thought uppermost in his mind, the performance of his mission. The vocation

of Governor Isaac I. Stevens. The governor and a small party of 24 were near Fort Benton, Mont. In the autumn of 1855, after a summer of hard work negotiating treaties with Indian tribes between the Cascade mountains and the Montana plains.

The great tribes of the upper Columbia country—the Cayuses, Yakimas, Walla Wallas, Umatillas, Palouses and all the Oregon bands down to the Dalles, the very ones who had signed the treaties at the Walla Walla council and professed such friendship—had all broken out in open war,

says Stevens' biographer. "They had swept the upper country clean of whites, killing all the settlers and miners found there, and murdered Agent Bolton under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. Major Haller, sent into the Yakima country with 100 regulars and a howitzer, had been defeated and forced to retreat by Kamiak's warriors, with the loss of a third of his force and his cannon."

This startling news the governor must know, and W. H. Pearson was chosen to ride express with dispatches from The Dalles to Fort Benton. The trust was not misplaced.

Had a Narrow Escape. Pearson rode out of The Dalles fresh and well mounted, and riding all day and night, reached Billy McKamy's ranch on the Umatilla by daylight. The place was deserted. Lassoing a fresh mount, he saw a band of hostiles racing down the hills toward the valley, and as he sprang into the saddle they gave fierce yells and cries of "Kill the white man!" They pursued him for many miles, but he slowly drew away, and at nightfall turned off the trail at right angles, rode for several miles and then took a course parallel with the regular route.

Hiding in this strategic manner, resting a few hours in secluded covert, and seeking unusual fords, Pearson reached Lapwai, and after a day's rest pushed on over the Bitter Root mountains. A blinding snowstorm beset him; a tree fell and crushed his Nez Perce companion, and the trail was buried under several feet of new fallen snow.

Unable to travel further on horseback, Pearson improvised snowshoes, cutting the frames with his knife and weaving the webs with strands from his rawhide lariat and packing his blankets and a little dried meat upon his back he struggled over the snow-buried heights, and after four days of this desperate travel descended into the Bitter Root valley near Fort Owen, where rest, a fresh mount and friendly greetings awaited him. Three days later he rode into Stevens' camp on the Teton, so faint and exhausted that Stevens' men lifted him out of the saddle.

These were heroic deeds, sprung out of the hard contact of the man and the occasion. And the land yet has a host of men of the fine type of Express Rider Pearson. Only the occasion is now lacking for the supreme test that came to him in 1855. In all likelihood some of the hardy boys who are riding in the Round-up would rise superbly to the opportunity of duty if necessity should lay upon them the opportunity that spurred Pearson into his gallant achievement.

About the Name "Idaho." Several years ago Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras," in explanation of the origin of the name Idaho, affirmed it an Indian word signifying "the light or diadem on the line of the mountains." "In September, 1861," said Miller, "when I rode into the newly discovered gold camp to establish an express office, I took with me an Indian from Lapwai. We followed an Indian trail, crossed Craig's mountain and Camas prairie, and had all the time E-dah-hoe mount for an object point. On my return to Lewiston I wrote a letter containing a brief account of our trip and of the mines, and it was published on one of the Oregon papers. In that account I often mentioned E-dah-hoe, but spelled it Idaho. So that, perhaps, I may have been the first to give it its present spelling, but I certainly did not originate the word."

The old poet may be dreaming here. He was not the first to use the name Idaho, nor even the first to give it its present spelling. When these mines were discovered Washington territory ran to the summit of the Rocky mountains. At the session of 1860-61 the legislature carved out of the original boundaries of Spokane county the counties of Missoula, Idaho, Nez Perce

and Shoshone. So Idaho was a county name before a territorial, and had been officially appropriated before Joaquin Miller wrote his letter to the Oregon newspaper.

A Meat Man in Love.

Dear heart, I'm in an awful stew How to re-veal my love for you; I'm such a mutton-head, I fear, I feel so sheepish when you're near. I know it's only cow-ardice That makes these lamentations rise. I dread a cut-let me explain. A single roast would give me pain. I should not like to get the hooks, And dare not steak my hopes on loins, I never sausage eyes as thine.

Wanted Information.

After the third addition to the family it became necessary to secure the services of a permanent nurse.

"Now my husband is very particular whom I engage as a nurse," said the mistress to a girl who had applied for the position. "He wishes me to go into the most minute details about your qualifications. Do you know how to prepare food? Can you sew and mend? Do you mind sitting up late at night? Are you faithful and devoted and have you a kind and loving disposition? Will you—"

"Excuse me ma'am; am I to take care of the baby or your husband?" replied the girl.

When she expresses a wish her husband usually has to pay the freight.

Col. W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill)

whites, killing all the settlers and miners found there, and murdered Agent Bolton under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. Major Haller, sent into the Yakima country with 100 regulars and a howitzer, had been defeated and forced to retreat by Kamiak's warriors, with the loss of a third of his force and his cannon."

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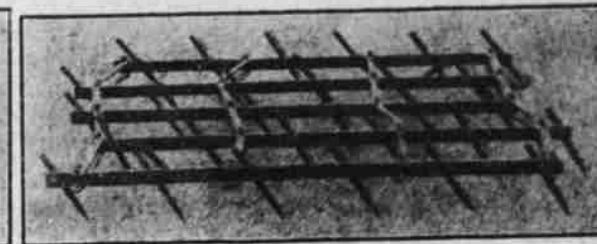
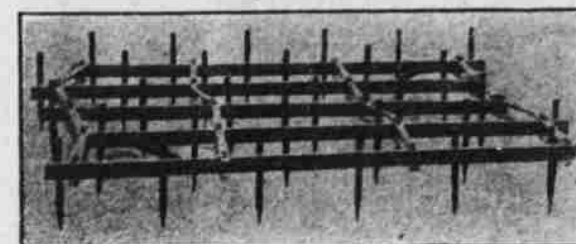
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The New Pendleton Harrow

A New and Efficient Innovation



The above cut shows the harrow with the teeth in the vertical position. With the teeth in this position the harrow may be used for all purposes that the common harrow is used.

The harrow is made of steel throughout and thoroughly braced. The teeth are made of Cambria toe steel. Each section cuts approximately five feet. Made by the Pendleton Iron Works under the personal supervision of the inventor.

The above cut shows the same harrow with the teeth set with a "side slant," thus converting the harrow into an ideal weeder. The testimony of every farmer now using this weeder-harrow is that it is the most efficient weeder ever devised. Several hundred of these harrows are now in use and every user is a booster. Price, \$12.00 per section, f. o. b. Pendleton.

A New Instrument

An attachment for hoe drills as illustrated here has two very valuable and important features which every progressive farmer will appreciate at once.

They are made to fit any hoe, are easily adjusted and answer the double purpose of regulating the depth of sowing and at the same time press the soil firmly around the grain thus insuring immediate germination.

Splendid results are obtained from their use.



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Is the only perfect fastener ever devised for holding the sticks. There are no rivets through the stick to weaken it; the stick is between two jaws having two brads each, which are set into the stick. This holds the stick as if in a vise.

They positively will never come off. We use nothing but the very best material in our drapers, and we guarantee them absolutely. And they will cost you no more than other drapers.



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Pendleton, Oregon

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"White Satin" Flour

The Secret of Many Housewives' Baking Success

Manufactured From the Highest Grade of
BLUE - STEM WHEAT

If you are encountering difficulties in bread baking and want to attain constant success,

If you desire that rich and wholesome flavor that is secured only in flour made from the highest quality of wheat,

ASK FOR "WHITE SATIN" FLOUR

Made in Pendleton, Oregon, by

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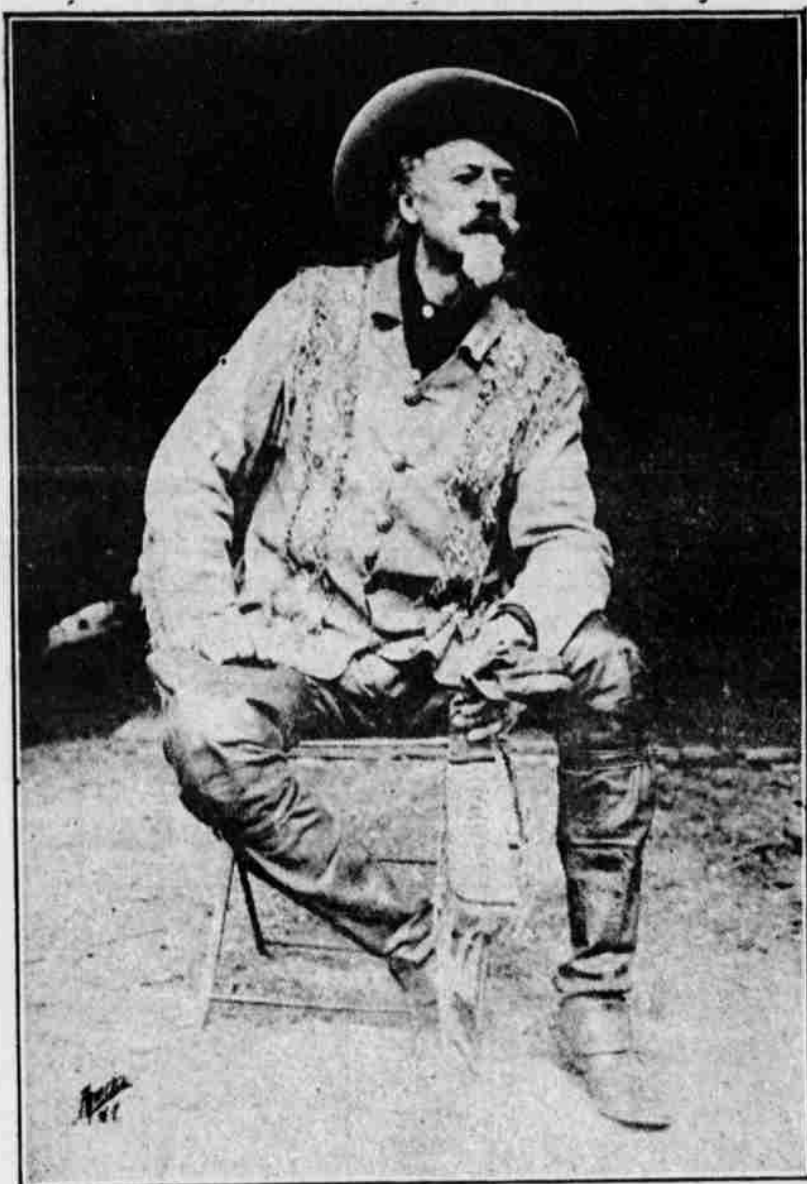
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Walters will make it."



To Farmers

Bring us your Blue-Stem wheat. We pay the highest price in Pendleton for Blue-Stem, and are always in the market for it.

Walters Flouring Mills



A Man Who Saw Many Dangers on the Plains in Frontier Days

made strong demands but not stronger than the age could supply.

History has not paid the tribute to the pony express rider that is his due. Most of the men who dared death daily in bearing messages in this western country have sunk to unknown

white man's lawless invasion of their reserve.

Heroic Ride of W. H. Pearson. Probably the most spectacular and perilous journey that was ever made by an express rider in the Inland Empire is recorded in the official reports



DON'T JUMP

to the conclusion that because our lumber is all high grade that our prices are high too. We invite you to compare them with others and we venture the prediction that, quality considered, you will find our figures much the lower, as the lumber is much the better.

No order too large nor too small for us to figure on.

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